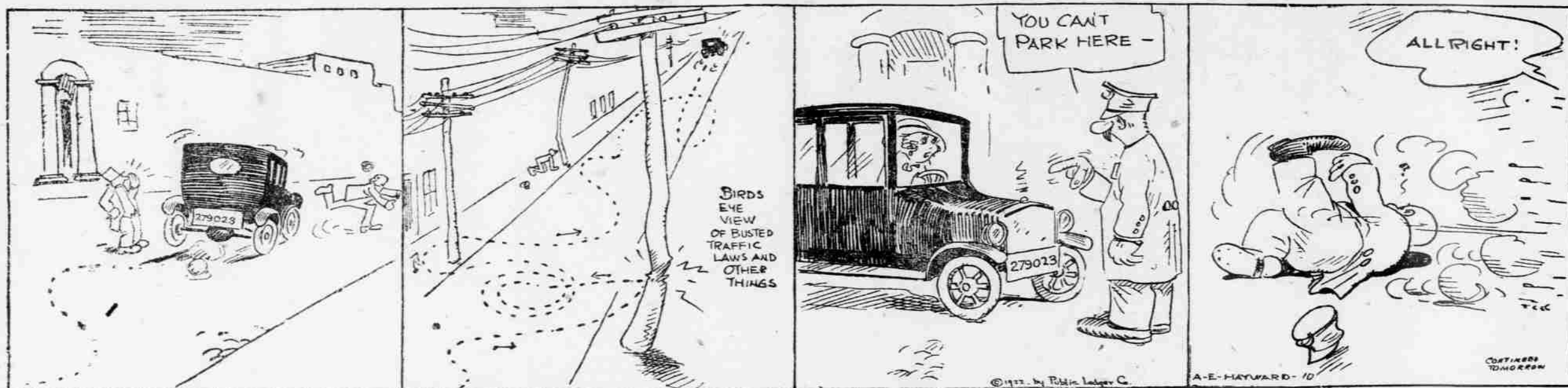


SOMEODY'S STENOG—She's Learning to Drive Her New Car

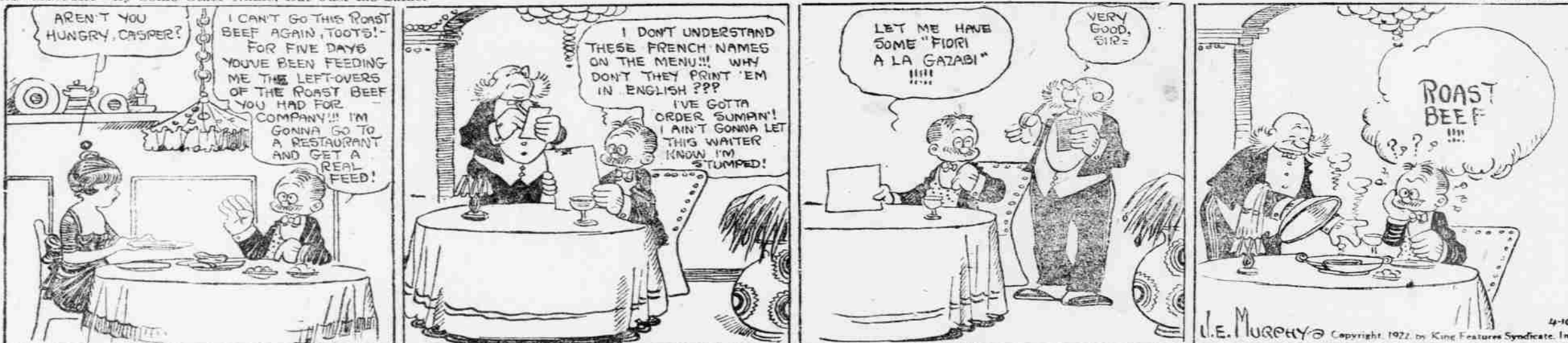
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By Hayward



TOOTS AND CASPER—By Some Other Name, But Just the Same.

By J. E. MURPHY



THE OUTA-LUCK CLUB—It's Just Another Chance for Blink to Lose.

By DOK WILLARD



"REGULAR FELLERS,

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KIN YOU REMEMBER

By DONAHEY



SCHOOL DAYS

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By DWIG



THE FOOTPRINTS IN THE OLD CEMENT STEP

Billy Whiskers

By Frances Trego Montgomery.

Remember yesterday we were introduced to Ned and Harriet Dodge, the eight-year-old twins who gladdened the home in which they lived. When they came into sight, Harriet was being dragged rather than led along, for she had been busy making mud pies for an exceedingly large family of doll children, and was now deplored the fact that her pastry would surely burn to a crisp. Ned, however, being a boy, did not see the need of worrying about pies when goats were in prospect—and real goats at that—and so suggested her on faster and faster, having secured firm hold of one of her chubby wrists.

"Let me go, Ned Dodge! I say, let me go!" she pleaded, all the way around the house. "I don't want a goat. I want my dolls. A goat!" she cried in high disdain at her brother and his enthusiasm.

"Come 'long, anyhow, I say they're here!" and along went the unwilling Harriet, though with less urging, for she had caught sight of the two crates and the white animals inside.

"Oh, o-oh!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in surprise. "Ned, run for mother, quick. Mother, mother!" she cried, lifting her voice.

Evidently the mother heard the imperative summons, for before Ned reached the porch steps, the front door opened and out stepped a sweet-faced, daintily gowned woman, whose shining hair was just as bit marked than Harriet's own, and whose deep blue eyes and laughing mouth seemed patterned after those of the boy and girl who ran to meet her.

"What's all the trouble, kiddies?" she asked, as each claimed a hand.

"Come out and see what the expressman is unloading at the side door," urged Ned.

"Not this new pet's already?" "Yes, yes, mother! And I'm sure they're big enough to draw the pony cart," said Ned in great excitement.

"And they're white—white as two snow balls," put in Harriet eagerly.

"Here, ma'am, will you sign for them?" asked the driver, as the three came up, presenting his book and indicating the place for signature.

"Certainly, John," she answered pleasantly. "Don't you think this is a queer birthday present for the twins? You know Ned has wanted his father to sell the auto and buy a goat ever since he was a little fellow, and so this year Mr. Dodge decided he'd let him have one."

"But there are two," said the driver, in a puzzled tone.

"Oh, yes; but here's Harriet, you know," smiled Mrs. Dodge, fondly drawing her little daughter within the circle of her arm.

"Sure 'nough, ma'am, and she's sure to want one if Master Ned has one."

"We hope so," she answered. "I do wish, John, you would take the goats to our barn outside the grounds. I'm afraid I can't manage them, and Mr. Dodge won't be home until late."

"Indeed I will," replied John, for Mrs. Dodge was well liked by him and any service she asked of him was always willingly rendered.

"Your barn is up near the gate, isn't it," and receiving an affirming nod, he clucked to his sleepy horse, cracked his whip, and jogged off, carrying the goats with him.

"Let's go, too, mother," pleaded Ned. "I'll see they are looked up tight," he urged.

"Father will take both of you over to the barn, when he comes. That will be the better plan," and sent them back to their play.

(Tomorrow you will hear more of the twins' new home.)

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DINNER STORIES

Seth had been advised by his physician to cure himself of the liquor habit by taking something to eat whenever he felt the craving for drink coming on. One day he came rushing down from his hotel room to the dining room and yelled at the astonished waiter:

"My God! The man in the next room has just killed himself. I just heard the shot. For heaven's sake, bring me a double order of ham and eggs and a piece of lemon pie right away!"

An unfaithful steward embezzled a large sum and his employer asked advice as to how he should be dealt with, so goes the story.

"Get rid of him at once," advised an Englishman.

"Keep him and deduct the sum from his wages," said a Scotchman.

"But," said the employer, "the sum is far greater than his wages."

"Then raise his wages," suggested an Irishman.